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and to the Betterment of
Outdoor Recreation in Virginia**

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A Nickel's Worth of Serenity

SOME northern Virginia counties along with sister counties in Maryland and the District of Columbia are giving serious consideration to enacting a mandatory 5-cent deposit on all beverage containers, according to the National Wildlife Federation. Bottle bills of this type have been introduced in the last two sessions of the Virginia General Assembly but failed to pass, and a national bill seems stuck in Congressional committee. Oregon has had such a law since 1972, and Governor Tom McCall terms it "a rip-roaring success." An Environmental Protection Agency study shows that beverage container litter has been reduced 81% and that most now seen consists of non-returnables from out of state.

Basically, the Oregon bill requires a 5¢ refundable deposit on all beverage containers, including cans, except those State-certified universal bottles that can be used by all bottlers. These carry a 2¢ deposit and make up the bulk of soft drink and beer containers now used in the state. Pull-tab cans were outlawed in favor of a push-tab type that remains with the can.

When the law was proposed, there were dire predictions of economic disaster from container manufacturers and bottlers. An Oregon State University study estimates that 350 jobs, mostly in the container industry, were lost while 715 were created, mostly in trucking and warehousing. Losses from the sale of containers just about equaled savings to bottlers. Returns of all bottles are now above 90%. Drink sales have increased at about the same rate as in neighboring states.

Industry-sponsored measures like recycling centers and proposed taxes to pay for cleanup, while commendable, just don't seem to produce the same results. Salvage of glass and metal containers from municipal wastes does appear more practical each day as new technology develops to utilize this source of raw material.

In these days of energy consciousness, the fact that a returnable bottle filled 15 times uses 50 to 85 percent less energy is worthy of consideration. Also, at a time when consumers are especially cognizant of spiraling prices, the economy of returnables which average about 80¢ less per case has a lot of appeal. Sanitation is the bottlers' strongest argument for throwaways. As one bottler put it, "May all environmentalists find cockroaches in their colas."

There is probably no more brazen symbol of man's disregard for his outdoor environment than the discarded beer can. I have found them on the highest mountain tops, in the cleanest trout streams, and in the deepest swamps. If a few nickels invested in returnable bottles will stop this blight, I have mine ready.—H.L.G.

Muzzle Loaders Maligned?

I found several objectionable statements in your story about the 1973 primitive weapons season. The authors include liberal amounts of heresy and opinions formed from a lack of knowledge of muzzle-loading weapons. It was never suggested that hunters would use antique weapons, dress in frontier style, that the weapons were inaccurate or that only a few would participate.

Clyde Carter
Forest

ALTHOUGH the opinions expressed in the article "The 1973 Primitive Weapons Season" may not be those of the magazine staff, I feel you must assume some responsibility for presenting rebuttal to such quasi-scientific editorializing. The fact that hunters chose blaze orange to buckskin and coonskin and that they could handle their weapons well should not be held against them. The observation that the single-shot feature is not really a handicap is not supported by fact. Listening in the woods on opening day will give a good idea of how often more than one shot is taken. Check station examinations must reveal multiple hits as commonplace. Other factors such as misfires, slower ignition time, poor trajectory, and slow rotational speed all affect success.

As for the large number of new rifles, I feel that the Game Commission should be congratulated for offering a hunting experience with enough appeal to attract novices to black powder.

Gary Brumfield
Williamsburg

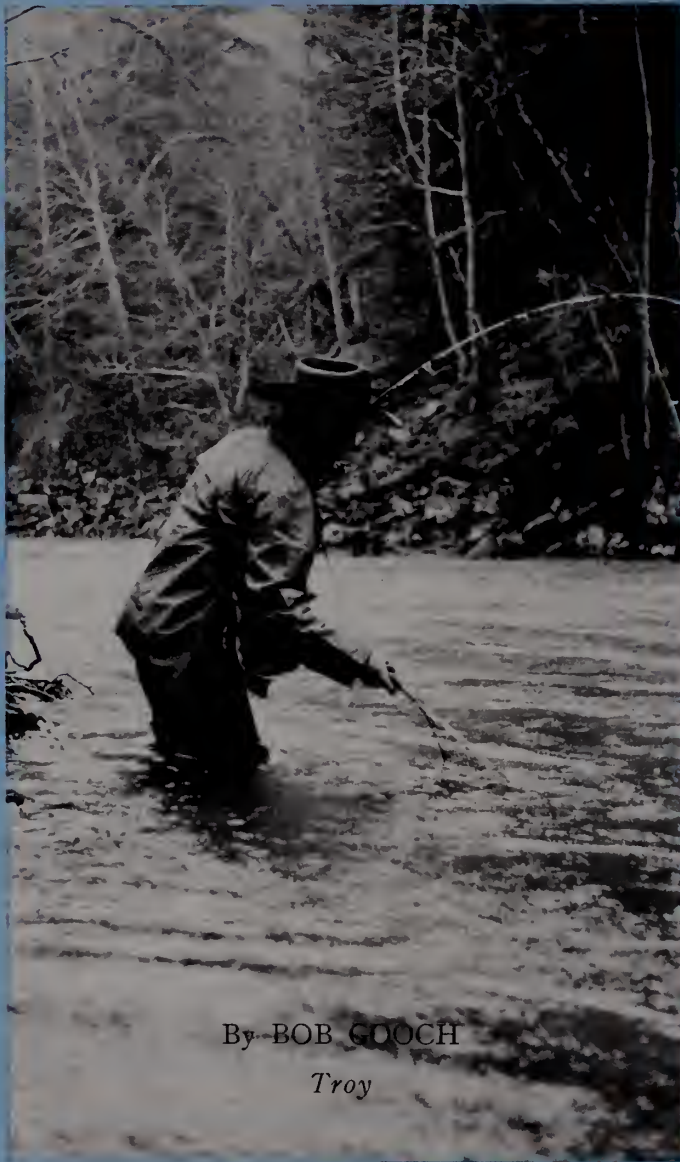
Muzzle loaders resented being treated as if their sport was on trial, but in reality it was since this was an experimental season to see if this type of special season was justified. The whole concept was sold on the romance of this type of hunting and if our observers didn't find it all that romantic, it just proves they were oversold. The real worth of any outdoor experience lies in its emotional impact on the participant, and this is something difficult even to express and almost impossible to measure.—Ed.

Wildlife Super Trees?

IF exceptionally heavy and consistent bearing specimens of persimmon, oak, etc., could be located and propagated, there could be much more feed for wildlife. I'm assembling breeding stock of such trees, and would appreciate a note from readers who may know or learn of unusually fruitful specimens.

P. F. Brown
113 Columbia Drive
Oak Ridge, Tennessee 37830

WINTER TROUT



By BOB GOOCH

Troy

“THEY’VE been hitting in The Gorge.”

Those words rang in my ears as I drove home that cold January afternoon from a meeting in Waynesboro. The gentleman was talking trout, and The Gorge was that beautiful stretch of wild water just north of Williamsville in the Bullpasture River.

“Time I tried winter trout fishing,” I thought to myself as I topped Rockfish Gap and headed down the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge.

The trout has long been one of my favorite fish. I haven’t missed an opening day in twenty years, but it took me awhile to get around to winter trout fishing. It was not that I wasn’t interested. I like fishing any time, but I usually reserve the winter months for

hunting. Rarely do I find time to crowd in all of the hunting I would like. There is such a variety of hunting in the Old Dominion and it peaks during the winter months.

A week later I swung my four-wheel drive off of U. S. 250 at McDowell in Highland County and followed the winter-high Bullpasture south toward The Gorge. Previous trips along the same route flashed through my mind—hurried trips for grouse or turkeys when I could do no more than glance longingly at the river as I sped by. But this time would be different. Spinning tackle and chest waders rode the back seat—instead of my battered shotgun and Old Duke.

As I turned into the delightful parking area deep in The Gorge, raindrops began to pelt the windshield. “Snow would be more appropriate,” I thought.

Hurriedly, I slipped into chest waders and pulled a heavy rainsuit over a warm flannel shirt. The broad-brim Stetson I had picked up in Wyoming looked out of place on a Virginia trout stream, but it was just the thing to protect my face and neck from the pelting rain.

Obviously the sun I had tried to beat to the stream would not make an appearance this early winter morning. The water was inviting, but I noticed it was slightly murky as I edged into it.

The Bullpasture is big in The Gorge, and I figured the winter trout would be deep. In addition to a wide selection of spinning lures and streamers, my tackle bag contained salmon eggs and a small can of worms. I had no idea which would be productive but threaded a couple of eggs on a tiny gold hook and cast into the fast current. The current caught it up and swept it downstream into the head of a big pool.

Expectantly, I waited.

Nothing happened. I reeled in and cast again. Still nothing.

Slowly and cautiously I moved downstream until I had fished the entire pool—unsuccessfully.

I paused to study the pool. My gaze swept downstream to some singing rapids and a deep pool below. The green branches of a hemlock stretched over the pool, breaking the pattern of the steady rain. On the far side a gray boulder bounced the swirling current back toward midstream, and below the hemlock pool the river raced off again.

For a moment it was April again—a distant opening day on another stream in a boulder-bordered pool protected from the sun and rain by another ancient hemlock. The gray skies, dripping with cold rain, could well have been April clouds threatening to unleash torrents of rain on thousands of opening day anglers. And hardwoods, stripped of their foliage, stood naked against the cold mountain slopes. But I was dressed for whatever the weather might throw at me—just as I had dressed in the past for the fickle April weather on other streams.

It could have been April—but could it?

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

I looked around me. I was alone on that rain-drenched river. As far as I could see upstream or down there was not another angler. I was alone with the bare hardwoods, the ancient hemlocks, the giant boulders, the gray skies, the patter of rain on the brim of my hat, and the rushing river.

No it couldn't be April—at least not the first Saturday in April when fishermen from far and wide flock to the freshly stocked trout waters.

This was a refreshing thought.

I went back to my fishing—with more enthusiasm now.

And as a reward for my optimism I felt a sharp tap on my line as the egg laden hook tumbled by a mid-stream boulder. I dropped my rod tip and fed line to the cooperative fish. Moments seemed like hours!

Slowly I took up the slack and—struck!

My slender rod bent dangerously and my spinning reel screeched in protest.

"Boy, these winter trout are hardy customers!" The sound of my voice startled me. I fought the stubborn trout as the rain came down.

The fish finally tired. I slipped the net beneath it and swung a flashy 11-inch rainbow from the water. Its silver flanks, streaked with a faint red stripe, sparkled in the dull light. Fresh from the stream, it was icy cold against my bare hand.

"Should be tasty in the pan," I thought as I dropped it into my creel.

The next fish, also a rainbow, came from the same pool.

I decided to try artificials and tied a tiny spinner-fly combination to my 4-pound test monofilament. Facing sideways, to the current, I made a cast diagonally across the river and upstream. Taking in the slack I maintained a tight line as the current swept the lure downstream. If a fish hit, I wanted to be ready to strike immediately. With salmon eggs, worms or minnows you have to give the fish time to swallow the bait, but this won't work on artificials. You have to strike before the trout realizes it has been duped.

I decided to move on, but made one final cast into the already productive hole. The lure plunked lightly into the swift current and again tumbled downstream while I kept a tight line. Just as it started to swing around at the end of the drift, I got a solid strike. The fish hit so hard I didn't have to set the hook, but for insurance I flicked my rod hand upward and held on to the reel handle. Again, my little open-face reel screeched. I had the drag set lightly to match the four-pound strand of monofilament.

This trout fought a different battle.

With the flick of my wrist he shot for the sky, cracking the surface in true rainbow style. He then dove for the bottom, raced upstream and jumped again.

After that the 12-incher tired quickly, and I brought it to the net.



With three fine rainbows in my creel, I had half of my Virginia limit.

Fishing for winter trout in the Old Dominion offers many angling opportunities. The trout season is a long one—opening the first Saturday in April and continuing through February 15. Some anglers would like a continuous open season, but this thinking has been resisted by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries. Even with a portion of the year closed for restocking, there are over 10 months of fishing for the popular fish of our mountain streams. Except for March there is some trout fishing every month of the year.

While over 200 streams are stocked for opening day, the in-season and winter stocking is more limited. The streams are full and cold in April; just about any sizeable one in the western part of the state will hold trout for a month or so, but after that the picture changes drastically. Dry weather and the summer sun can reduce many streams to a mere trickle—too warm for the popular fish that thrive in cold, oxygen-filled water.

The stocking plan may vary considerably from one year to the next depending upon how the weatherman treats our trout streams. In good years when the rainfall is adequate, there are 30 to 40 streams in the Old Dominion capable of holding trout during the fall and winter. In dry seasons, however, this list may be reduced considerably.

I won't attempt to list all the better winter trout streams in the state. The fall and winter stocking plans are released to newspapers throughout the Old Dominion, and they serve as guides to winter trout fishing. It is well to remember, however, that there are also good streams that may not be stocked for one reason or another. The fact that a stream is not on the stocking list does not necessarily mean that it is not a good prospect for a winter trip.

In addition to the stocked fish there are trout that survive earlier stockings—even those made prior to opening day and in previous years. Not many it is true,

(Continued on page 18)

BREAST OF VENISON

By MARJORIE LATHAM MASSELIN
Richmond

BREAST is probably the most tender portion of any animal save the tenderloin, and while it is generally fairly fat and cross-hatched with bone and gristle, both these idiosyncrasies are easily overcome. The one cooks out in the roasting; the other is not as difficult to cut out as may seem at first.

Lay the breast of venison flat; with a sharp narrow knife slice down the side of each rib, taking them as they come. Stay close to the bone all the way along its edge. Moving back to the top, pull it upward toward you while slipping the sharp tip and leading edge of the knife *under* the rib; with a partly scraping-against-the-bone and partly cutting-away-the-flesh motion bring the knife down toward you to free the rib.

When all the ribs have been freed, start on the gristle. Follow the same procedure with the gristle as with the ribs. Cut along beside it, then go back and cut under it to free it from the meat. Replace any ragged strips in roughly the area where they belong. Dust with salt or tenderizer salt if you think the venison may be on the mature side. Roll; wrap in waxed paper or pliofilm; and leave it in a cool place while you prepare stuffing.

The kind of stuffing you select is the way to vary the flavor of the roast and at the same time make use of whatever else may be on hand which will serve as compatible accompaniments. Say you have an assortment of odd sized onions, a butternut squash or two salvaged from the frost-nipped garden, and half a box of frozen peas. That gives you creamed onions with a dusting of toasted chopped hickory nuts on top, and steamed sieved squash served in scoops with the top of each scoop pressed down to hold a spoonful of the peas gently cooked in butter to retain all their lovely color. To present a rolled, stuffed breast of venison in keeping with this, use an ordinary bread stuffing upgraded with more of those lightly toasted, chopped hickory nuts.

Maybe you have a bushel of apples and a jug or two of unadulterated cider just on-the-verge. In this case, stuff the venison with apples, a few currants and enough well-buttered crumbs to hold things together. Then use a little wild rice and rather more brown rice, cooked separately and combined with sliced mushrooms sautéed with shallots, a crisp salad of curly endive or escarole, and the cider served in your most handsome goblets.

Or if you have a few chestnuts, half a tube of sausage meat, and a particularly beautiful basket of brussels sprouts, make a sausage and cornbread stuffing for the venison. Serve brussels sprouts and boiled chestnuts bathed in butter. Roast some yams.

Whatever stuffing you choose, the most important thing to keep in mind is that too much is not better than just enough. Two cups of stuffing *total* is quite sufficient to fill any breast of any animal adequately.

For Hickory Nut Stuffing—use $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of bread stuffing mix and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped hazelnuts. Chop them in your electric blender. If you want a stronger flavor of herbs, add poultry seasoning a little at a time, tasting after each addition, or use some fresh herbs from the garden—parsley perhaps and a few leaves of sage. Or you might like to put one or two juniper berries in the blender when you chop the nuts. Bind this together with $\frac{1}{4}$ c. melted butter and an egg or two, slightly beaten, but keep it fairly dry.

For Apple Stuffing—Peel, core and chop roughly a good full 2 cups of tart apples. Cook these in butter until they form a thickish sauce. Remove from heat and stir in enough stuffing mix crumbs to produce the desired consistency—probably a half cup or so. Add a handful of currants, plumped in scalding water and carefully drained. Taste and correct the seasonings.

Sausage Stuffing—Break up the sausage meat with a fork and fry over moderate heat until it gives up most of its fat content. Add a medium size onion, finely chopped, if you like. They can cook along together. You will not want to use all the fat, but since it is flavorful it will do as well as butter. Keep about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of fat; pour off the rest. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of crumbled cornbread or cornbread stuffing mix and an egg or two slightly beaten. Taste and correct the seasonings.

Unroll the boned breast of venison and spread the stuffing evenly over the meat. Stay a half inch or so inside the edges—somewhat more than that at the end because the stuffing moves along toward the last edge as the meat is rolled up. Make the roll by starting at the more ragged end and tuck ragged pieces along the sides into the roll as you go. With the seam side on the bottom to hold it all in place, tie in the usual manner. Make one tie at each end and one in the middle. Then, working at alternate ends, continue making ties at inch intervals until you have a nice neat roast. Set it on a rack in a roasting pan and roast, uncovered in a slow oven, for about an hour and twenty minutes.

If you peeled off the outer layer of fat as is wise with venison since its fat is notoriously bad flavorwise, you will need to lard the outside with some other fat. This can be anything at hand—beef suet, pork fat, even bacon. If you use salt pork, simmer it five minutes or so in water to cover before using it to remove some of the salt. Lay strips of whatever fat you choose on the roast and remove them toward the end of the cooking time so that you can baste with the fat in the pan to get the roast evenly brown.

Slice a rolled roast in the kitchen; remove all string ties. Be sure the platter is hot. Garnish it before it goes to the table with some fresh parsley or other green.

HUNTING THE WOODCOCK

By NORMAN E. GERMAN

Falls Church

WHEN I first heard about the last year's early woodcock season, from mid-October through mid-December, I was pleasantly surprised and wanted to give the bird a try. Having read a number of articles on the timberdoodles and having had a few chances at them during the quail season when the law allowed, I've become fascinated with the woodcock as a game bird.

As to being able to hunt them in October, I had no idea whether we would find one bird, a dozen birds, or none.

We found the woodcock in damp areas generally along or near a stream. Damp bottom land with brush trees and honeysuckle seemed to be ideal. We knew they existed on earthworms and thought they would be around damp loamy soil where there was good cover.

Saying I was going woodcock hunting or we were going woodcock hunting sounded strange to us, but here is some information on several hunts that took place between October 20 and November 10, 1973.

The first Saturday my hunting buddies were working, so I went after woodcock with my Brittany, Dolly. This woodcock hunting was strange to Dolly also, and I had to down a couple of birds before she made her first point. Contrary to what I had read about the birds sitting tight, at times they would flush a little wild before man or dog. In about three hours I had my five birds, and both Dolly and I had a little more timberdoodle education. We saw or heard about twenty birds.

On the second trip with a friend, Bill Benton, and our three Brittanies, we had our limit in several hours; some very sporty shooting. Both man and dogs learned a few more tricks of the timberdoodles.

The third trip with another friend, Charley Hartley, and Dolly, we had our limit of woodcock in about a half a day and then went out to the nearby corn field and bagged several doves. Charley said he had never enjoyed any hunt more than the one we had this beautiful autumn day, and I had to agree.

JANUARY, 1975



Fourth trip Bill and I and our Brittanies bagged eight birds and enjoyed every minute of the time. There were fewer birds around, as by this time our area had a couple of frosts. The colder weather probably sent a number of the birds on their way south.

With the foliage on the trees and bushes, woodcock we found to be very sporty birds: easy to knock down if hit, but, when down, tricky to find without the Brittanies. The downed woodcock will not run or even try to hide as will the quail when crippled, but he is very very hard to see among the leaves and cover. We had only three or four cripples on these hunts, and because of our Brittanies, did not lose a bird.

Bill, Charley, and I favor the 20 gauge and have found the $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce load in 8 or 9 shot in an improved cylinder or skeet bore to be adequate. We saw an average of 35 to 40 birds per trip in the northwestern part of Prince William County, Virginia. We believe there may be many areas with fair to good woodcock hunting at this season of the year; just have to get out and do a little exploring with gun and dog.

We enjoyed the extra days afield after the ghost-like timberdoodles as they filtered through the foliage of autumn, and during quail season spent some time looking for late-arriving timberdoodles on their way south.

By BOB GOOCH

Troy

WALLEYE

Walleye fishing is good early and late in the day.

OLD bleary-eye, mysterious, secretive, poor fighter, hard to catch—these are just some of the not too complimentary words or phrases used to describe the walleye, a fish that has never been particularly popular among Old Dominion anglers. And I must admit that it was not until I had met the fish in out-of-state waters that I gained full respect for it.

I caught my first walleye on a live minnow many years ago just as the sun was setting on big Indian Lake in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. The next one came from Fontana Lake in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. That one hit a trolling lure. And a nice stringer my wife Ginny and I took from Bemidji Lake in Minnesota also hit trolling lures worked along a sharp drop-off. Others came from cold Canadian Lakes where native folk call them pickerel—a gross misnomer.

All of those fish fought well and were delicious on the table. Even its critics agree the walleye is an excellent table fish.

But let's get back to the Old Dominion and a discussion of the walleye in Virginia waters.

First, let's take a look at the fish.

The walleye is neither a pickerel nor a pike, though it is called both. Actually, it is the jumbo member of the perch family. There are only three true perches and all are native to Old Dominion waters. The walleye is the largest, but the smaller sauger is also present in the state. The third is the yellow perch, found in scattered waters throughout the state. Many anglers know it only as the ring perch.

The walleye goes by many names. In addition to pike and pickerel, it may be called pike perch, jack salmon, blue pike, green pike, yellow pike, yellow pickerel, dore, dory, and probably many others.

Fine catch of walleyes taken by trolling a drop-off.



Here in Virginia the fish is best known by its correct name of walleye though it gets pike occasionally. Scientifically it is known as *Stizostedion vitreum*.

The walleye is by no means a pretty fish, though it is not necessarily ugly either. Its large eyes with the purple pupils give it the appearance of being blind. They are designed for living and feeding in the depths or at night. These peculiar eyes give the walleye its name. Like all fish the walleye's color is influenced by the water it lives in, but generally the fish have a yellow or brown tone with splotched markings. It has strong canine teeth and its upper jaw extends to a point just behind its eyes. The body is long and slender, but not nearly as much so as that of the pickerel with which it is sometimes confused. The long dorsal fin is completely divided with the spiny portion separated from the soft rear section by a deep notch.

Old Dominion walleyes average 2 to 3 pounds. It takes an 8-pounder to earn a citation from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, but many fish in that class are landed in the Old Dominion every season. Eight walleyes ranging from 8 pounds, 8 ounces to 22 pounds, 8 ounces were registered for citations in 1973.

R. G. Barrett of Fries wrestled two big walleyes out of the New River in August. One weighed 22 pounds, 8 ounces, setting a new state record. It broke the old record of 17 pounds established by W. C. Bradbury in 1965. That big fish also came from the New River. Barrett's "smaller" fish taken on that August day weighed a mere 22 pounds, 1 ounce!

The world record walleye weighed in at 25 pounds, and was lured from Old Hickory Lake in neighboring Tennessee. If the pace set by Virginia walleye anglers in recent seasons continues, the world record is indeed in jeopardy.

The major walleye waters in the Old Dominion are the New River system and big Claytor Lake on the New River near Radford. This river system is within the natural range of the fish, but walleyes have been successfully stocked in other Virginia waters and spasmodic catches have been made in the big reservoirs such as Gaston and Buggs Island. In recent seasons the bigger fish have been coming from Buggs Island, Gaston and the New River.

Walleyes have also been introduced to Lake Chesdin, the Powell River, and Smith Mountain Reservoir, but these waters have not proved too productive of the big perch.

Walleyes are native to the Pigg River and occasionally offer good fishing in this stream. The Pigg River walleyes are also responsible for some nice walleye catches that have been made in Leesville Reservoir beneath the Smith Mountain Dam. The Meherrin River in the extreme southeastern part of the Old Dominion is another walleye stream. This is not natural walleye country, but the fish were introduced to the river accidentally years ago and survived to provide some unusual fishing in these Southside counties along the North Carolina border.

While a review of walleye catches over the past few years shows that most have been made during warm months, the fish is a prime candidate for winter fishing in Virginia. True, the state record was taken in August—and May, June and July have produced citation catches—but good fish have also been caught in November and December. This doesn't prove much except to show that the fish can be caught in both winter and summer. Probably the only reason more fish are caught in the warm months is that anglers tend to fish more then.

But the walleye prospers in clear, cold waters. They are at their best where summer temperatures stay below 85 degrees, says one walleye biologist. And the fish are most abundant in the colder lakes of the North. In Virginia they favor the colder waters of the New River in the western part of the state. For those anglers who want to extend their seasons through the winter months the walleye is well worth considering.

The big perch like big waters and deep holes, and the angler who is successful on walleyes month in and month out, all year 'round will learn to fish the deep waters. While the fish move into the shallows in the spring to spawn they spend most of the year near the bottom in deep water.

While fish finders have changed angling techniques in recent years, trolling is still a favorite manner of locating walleyes. Slow trolling is the answer as the

walleye is a finicky feeder. Its strike is somewhat timid when compared to the hearty smack of a bass or pickerel. The trolling angler must get his lure down deep though, just off the bottom. He will risk hanging up and the loss of lures, but that is the only place he will get much attention from old bleary-eye.

Just about any deep running lure that resembles a minnow or bait fish is good for walleye fishing. The walleye is primarily a fish-eater, and the angler should attempt to imitate a small fish with his lure.

Good walleye lures include spoons, weighted spinners, jigs and deep running or diving plugs. One of the best walleye lures is the leadhead jig with yellow or white feathers or hair. Worms and minnows are also good, and they can be trolled behind June bug spinners. One of my best walleye catches was made on a leadhead jig which I let sink to the bottom of a cold Canadian lake.

The walleye is a school fish, and once the angler locates a school by trolling or with the help of a fish finder, he can lower his anchor and have a ball casting to the fish, or dunking live minnows. A limit can come quickly under such conditions. The angler must learn to cope with the walleye's soft strike, particularly when he is using live bait. If he strikes too quickly, he will jerk the bait away from the slow feeding fish.

Many good walleyes are caught at night. The big fish shun light and for that reason seek the deeper holes, but at night they tend to abandon the deeper water.

When the walleye moves into the shallows to spawn, it can be caught casting shallow running plugs and spoons, but they should be fished close to the bottom. I have never seen a walleye hit a surface lure!

Even in the rivers the walleye prefers deep holes. A good spot to catch them is behind large boulders and the heads of pools where the fast water pours in laden with food.

While night fishing is often productive, the early and late daylight hours are best. On rainy or overcast days, however, the walleye will feed all day. The absence of sunlight appeals to its secretive nature.

In conclusion, let's look at some advice from the heart of America's best walleye country, Brainerd, Minnesota. It comes from Ron Lindner, walleye guide and tackle shop operator.

"1. Don't overload your line. Keep it simple so your bait will be the center of attraction.

2. Always fish structure . . . underwater points, drop offs, reefs or bars, deep edges of weed beds, sunken islands and holes. And keep your bait working on the bottom.

3. This is very important. If a fish hits and you don't let it run, the fish may drop the bait and not pick it up. I was schooled to give walleyes time to get the bait down. They're finicky feeders. And, if a bait gets nibbled, jerk it off and put on a fresh one."

Try that on some of those underharvested Old Dominion walleyes this winter.



Scarlet King Snake

By JOHN W. TAYLOR
Edgewater, Maryland

THE scarlet king snake is a coastal plain species, barely reaching the southeastern counties in Virginia. It ranges south into eastern North and South Carolina, and into all of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. West of the Appalachians, it penetrates into Tennessee and Kentucky.

So Virginia represents the northern extremity of its range. This fact, along with its highly secretive nature, accounts for the few recorded occurrences within the State. After years of sustained field work, the Virginia Herpetological Society reports only four specimens (from Surry and Nansemond Counties and Virginia Beach).

A woodland species, it is particularly adept at burrowing beneath rotting logs and stumps and into rock crevices. Often it takes shelter amid the crumbled foundations of abandoned buildings. Its nocturnal habits make it even harder to find.

Once discovered, its similarity to the venomous coral snake is striking. Like the coral, its body is ringed with red, yellow and black. The poisonous species, though, has a black snout, and the yellow bands border the red; in the scarlet king, the snout is red, and the yellow and red bands are separated by black. Virginians need

not worry about the distinction, however, since the coral snake does not occur beyond southern North Carolina.

Another similarly colored species, the scarlet snake is also to be expected in the same range and habitat. Its bands do not encircle the body, the whitish belly being unpatterned. All three kinds have the tendency to burrow into soft sand and mud.

Laws have been proposed to protect the rare and lovely scarlet king snake and other endangered reptiles. But legislation without education would prove fruitless. The innate fear of snakes, and the inclination to kill them must be countered with programs explaining the broad concepts of ecology and the value of even the lowest forms of life.

Also needed is strict regulation of the roadside "snake-pit," the small, ill-kept reptile houses that attract tourists along some major highways. Few of these private zoos have adequate facilities, and most of the proprietors are ill-informed, and careless in their treatment of the animals. And, most importantly, trade among such collectors often involves snakes on the endangered list.

CONSERVATIONGRAM

Commission Activities and Late Wildlife News . . . At A Glance

FIRST EVER BASS MEETING TO BE HELD IN OKLAHOMA. Incredible though it may seem, it happens that no comprehensive scientific symposium on the Centrarchic basses - the so-called black basses - has ever been held. Presented by the Sport Fishing Institute in cooperation with about 50 private conservation and sportsmen's organizations, the First National Bass Symposium will be held at the Camelot Inn, Tulsa, Oklahoma, February 3-6, 1975.

TURKEYS TO GET THEIR SHARE OF STUDY. The Third National Wild Turkey Symposium will be held February 11-13, 1975, at the Sheraton-San Antonio Motor Inn, San Antonio, Texas. Researchers and managers from all over the turkey's range, which includes Virginia, will be in attendance.

NEW JEFFERSON FOREST MAPS AVAILABLE. Colorful new maps of the Jefferson National Forest's Clinch and Glenwood ranger districts have recently been published by the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries in cooperation with the Forest Service. A project made possible by the \$1.00 National Forest Stamp purchased by Virginia hunters and anglers, the publication features a six-color map side and a four-color back. The map, designed to aid sportsmen in the field, is probably the most accurate available of the areas. The map backs give sportsmen a guide to the facilities available on each ranger district. The Commission expects to publish the remainder of the Jefferson's ranger districts at a later date. The new maps are available from the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, 4010 W. Broad Street, Richmond, Virginia, or from the Forest Service office, 3517 Brandon Avenue, Roanoke, Virginia.

NEW THEATRE AT FAIRYSTONE. The Virginia Division of State Parks has begun construction of a \$5,000 amphitheater at Fairystone State Park near Stuart. The facility will be built adjacent to the picnic area on a slope overlooking Fairystone Lake. The wood frame structure (15 feet by 29 feet) will have a raised deck and stage area equipped with a podium and screen and a seating capacity of 104. A 350 foot lighted trail will connect the proposed facility with a parking area located near the main park road.

32 HUNTING ACCIDENTS REPORTED BY MID-SEASON. Game Commission Safety Officer James Kerrick reported that by the end of November there had been 32 reported hunting accidents. Of this total, six were fatal with four of these reported as self-inflicted. Almost all of this year's accidents were results of poor judgement or sloppy gun handling. During the previous fiscal year (July '73 - June '74), a total of 78 hunting accidents were reported.

YOU CAN HELP - ADOPT A STREAM. The Izaak Walton League of America (IWLA) has launched a worthy nationwide promotion to save threatened water bodies by having local groups adopt and watch over them. The impetus for the nationwide IWLA project, entitled SAVE OUR STREAMS - ADOPT ONE (SOS), came from a highly successful effort which began in Maryland last year. Anyone wishing an "action kit" should send \$2.00 plus \$1.25 for first class mail to the Save Our Streams Coordinator, IWLA, Suite 806, 1800 North Kent Street, Arlington, Va. 22209. Allow two weeks for delivery.

Hands for SNOWBOUND BIRDS

Text by JO HANENKRAT

THAT birds must sometimes suffer for the power of flight was something I learned by chance. It was brought home to me one January afternoon when we were driving through the Dismal Swamp area of eastern North Carolina. A heavy snow—unusual for that part of the country—had fallen the day before, and freezing temperatures had kept it packed solidly on the ground, except where snowplows had gone through and cleaned the highways. Being quite capable creatures, we humans find ways to move even mountains of snow in order that our wheels may turn. But the lively birds, whom we often envy for their aerial ability, cannot manipulate any freeze which forms a colossal tombstone over the soil.

Along the cleared road which we traveled, there occurred sometimes beside the bare asphalt a strip of black dirt and brown grass. To birds of several species these strips meant possible seeds or insects; therefore they gathered on them, clinging with a desperate boldness. Their hunger was so immediate that they would risk whatever lurking deaths such a place might bring. Surely enough, some of them—a cardinal, a dark-eyed junco, and a song sparrow—did not escape the sixty-mile-an-hour chromium blow. But those that survived searched tenaciously within the spots that man in his self-interest had created for them almost by mistake.

Be that as it may, we were witness to an extraordinary scene. The swamp trees, dainty and dragging in the ice, were alive with the wings and the chirpings of sparrows. As our automobile approached, small flocks on each side sprang from the road's edge to the nearest trees, the fox sparrows lighting the dark whiteness with russet tails and the white-throats revealing the yellow



nestled by their eyes. Then they all would disappear, meshed with the brown tangle of branches, nor would they reappear for us while we waited there. But as we went, they scattered from along the road, grasping at the safety of trees. Suddenly we stopped again, spotting a larger bird or two, and up from the bank burst a snipe, streaked and jagged, frantic and then gone through the winter air.

Coming out of the shaded swamp into the sunlit, snow-covered farmland, we were astounded by the number of robins on the highway. Each red breast against the snow, touched by the sun, displayed itself more vividly than we had ever seen before. While we yet marveled at these birds, we were enchanted by water pipits, walking to and fro across the roadway in a most mechanical and casual manner. Next to them in size and busily pecking were the diminutive Savannah sparrows, agile and incessant in their movements. Edging in for room at the highway table were the others too—white-throated and song and field sparrows. Nudging not too rudely came the dark-eyed juncos, pecking with pink beaks and looking black on dazzling snow. A few mourning doves searched for places to eat along with a flicker, the ground-feeding woodpecker. Gloomily the blue jay sat in a pine, looking as if he were shivering, yet searching for something to alleviate the cold. In all directions across the flat terrain, snow lay a half-dozen inches thick. Because only this hard-surfaced strip near which the blue jay perched was clear, in a moment's time he flew down to claim his private patch of shabby dirt. None of the bright cardinals, we noticed, seemed to be dismayed. No doubt their color fools us; it would have us think a cardinal loves the snow, because on the blankness of such a stage, his beauty is a trumpet played to God.

As we moved then slowly on, not wishing to leave, the meadowlarks revealed themselves. These birds send a particular thrill into me whether I see the flash of their tails or the fantastic hue of their breasts. For my mind zooms back to the time early in my awareness of nature when I first knew that I saw a meadowlark and caught my breath at the vividness of a black V upon brilliant yellow. That time was also a winter day with snow upon the ground, and I stood at the window watching finches, chickadees, and others feeding on the seeds I had put out. Suddenly there appeared on

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

Huddling against the cold, this blue jay would fling those colorful wings into action at the sight of a handful of bread crumbs.

the snow with his back to a me a "new" bird with brown streakings, but with white in his tail when he flew up. Then he sat in the sycamore fully facing me, and giving, as it seemed, himself entirely to my view for a quarter of an hour. Why he sat so still I cannot know, but I was more rapt than he, for he was splendid. It was the first time I understood the blaze that came from him and saw my ignorance of beauty and reality. I had not expected to find these riches in this bird called a meadowlark, but as his color shimmered through my eyes, my rapture dwelt on him, perceiving him as an atom of the intrinsic and the incomparable.

Now another message translated itself out of the meadowlark as I watched one among his fellow-sufferers. When the early European pioneers destroyed the eastern virgin forest, creating for themselves and for us homes, farms, and towns, they also enlarged areas of

The breathtaking beauty of a male cardinal in the snow tends to make us forget that this icy landscape is a threat to his survival. Sunflower seeds on a windowsill help to sustain him while bringing him in for our close viewing.

homes and food for certain ground-feeding birds. Each one of these loved birds like the meadowlark is an individual with specific requirements. Each one seeks to be warm, fights to be fed, and hopes to keep living. Each one experiences winter as harshly as a pioneer, while we have become more certain of comfort. But the hand that once took axe to the giant trees, that held plow to the soil, can make the ground-feeder's habitat livable by plentifully supplying food when snow and ice have locked nature's store out of reach. Perhaps what delights us most about birds are their wings. But if a bird has that quality called envy, no doubt what he most wishes from us are our hands.

A dark-eyed junco eats mixed wild bird seed spread out on top of the snow. Towhees and sparrows all thrive upon seed provided on or near the ground.





Reindeer moss



Cup lichens



Rock tripe and crustose lichen



British soldier

The World of Lichens

By JUDY M. PRICE

Deerfield

Ladder lichen



Rock tripe



THROUGH the woodlands and the clearings, the pines and hemlocks tower above. These and the forest's show of flower and frond catch both the eye and the interest. Yet beyond the obvious, a world of mystery and beauty lies hidden: the world of lichens.

Lichens are the wavy-edged plants that mottle the stony cliffs above with ebony and shaded greys. They are the specks of color that flare from the tombstones in which they are embedded. They are the tiny red-and brown-capped plants that crumble beneath the feet. And they are the ones that fasten themselves to the bark of trees and stud the forest's wood with pale greens and golds. Sometimes the woodland appears richly jeweled and bright for their effect, and sometimes it seems ghostly and strange.

Lichens exist in every part of the world from the arctic to the tropic. They remain through the heat of summer and the cold of winter, and are able to survive extremes in temperature and geography because of their hardy composition.

Each lichen plant is made up of a fungus and an algae. These two originally came together so that they could withstand the poor growing conditions that existed. The algae became the provider and the fungus the protector. The fungus shelters the algae by enveloping it. Being both bulky and absorbent, it also collects and stores water for the two partners. The algae, as a green organism, then uses photosynthesis to manufacture food for the fungus as well as itself, and so the pair continues in harmony, each contributing to the plant's survival.

Lichens are varied in shape, size, and color. Some appear as hard, thin crusts of color on rocks and other bases. These, fittingly called crustose lichens, become so much a part of their substratum that they sometimes become indistinct, and are difficult, if not impossible, to separate from the surface that they have grown in to.

Another type is the foliose, or leaf-like, lichens. These reach around tree trunks and across rocks displaying delicate patterns of golds, greys, and greens. Their attachment is made by tiny threads on the lower surface of the lobed rosettes. All but the rock tripes of this group are attached in several places. Rock tripes have only one central connecting point and for this reason they are called the umbilicate lichens.

The leathery rock tripes prefer large naked boulders that are lighted and warmed by the sun. They are both ornamental and edible. Though unsavory, they can be gathered and eaten raw, fried in fat, or boiled into a thick gelatinous soup. Unfortunately, preparation does not greatly improve the taste and so rock tripe dishes should be reserved for times of need.

Upright and hanging lichens, those that are shrubby or hair-like, are fruticose lichens. They are sometimes connected to their substratum at their base, and sometimes not connected at all. They can be found rising from soil and decaying wood chips or hanging from the branches of aging oak trees. Most of the better known

lichens are of this type.

In the miniature forest of the lichen kingdom, the hollow fruticose lichens are the giant sequoias and branching fruit trees. These are of the genus *Cladonia* and many have been given common names because they are more likened to the plants better known, and are more easily identified. There are British soldiers with red fruiting tips, and ladder lichens that ascend upon themselves. There are cup lichens and beard lichens, each resembling its name.

There also is the reindeer moss, which is not a true moss at all, but another of the fruticose lichens. One type, *Cladonia rangiferina*, grows profusely across the tundras of the Canadian subarctic and through the birch forests of Scandinavia supplying the caribou and reindeer with winter grazing. Another type, *Cladonia subtenuis*, is commonly found throughout the southeastern United States, carpeting sections of the forest floor with pale green and grey. All are slender, matted, and branching; all can be used as survival foods. Taste of the dry lichen is bland; texture, grainy. When boiled, the reindeer mosses soften into a nutritious but bitter soup.

Lichens have many uses other than as forage and survival food. An extract of a northern European lichen is used as an antibiotic. Though this is perhaps the lichens' greatest importance economically, they are most commonly known as dyes. Once they were used as dye-stuff in the making of litmus paper. At present they are employed in the dying of the Harris tweeds of Scotland. The common lichens of any area may be gathered and boiled in water to yield rich, soft tones of brown, red, and purple to white wool. The color and its depth depends on the length of time the lichens are boiled and the varieties collected.

Lichens have been and are today employed throughout the world. At present they are being used in the research of air pollution. Though they are resistant to nature's forces of destruction, they are extremely sensitive to man's. Poisons in the air, particularly sulfur dioxide, are lichens' worst enemy. By measuring and recording the growth and development of lichens in a certain area, the extent of air pollution can be estimated. The disappearance of lichens from the leading cities should serve as a warning that not only are lichens in danger, but man himself.

Lichens abound and yet are unknown. They are strange and mysterious plants belonging not to the dark corners of science, but to the bright paths of the woodland wanderer. They once pioneered plant life and paved the way for the higher forms. Even now they are breaking down stone and building up soil in preparation for the mighty oak and the mosses about its feet. They are constant and certain in their place. They have come from the time before man and they may remain beyond. They may, in centuries to come, again pioneer life with splashes of quiet color and adorning designs; to share another world.



Turn Your Wife Into

Your

HUNTING BUDDY

By ART and JOAN CONE

Vienna

to firearms. Depending on her background and upbringing, this can be easy or extremely difficult. There's a great deal of psychology involved and you may need to be very patient and understanding.

If you've married a farm girl or a rancher's daughter, your problems are minimal. But then, she probably goes hunting with you already. If you've walked the aisle with a city or suburban maiden, especially one who comes from a family whose entire outdoor experience consists of fighting crabgrass, you may have difficulties.

Many young ladies today have a deathly fear of guns. They view firearms with the same attitude they take towards poisonous snakes, roaches, and mice. If your wife exhibits these symptoms, try not to blame them on her mother. Take a positive attitude instead. The truth is that constant misguided propaganda by people who have never hunted and probably never even fired a shot at a target has had an unfortunate effect. It's up to you to explain that fear of firearms is caused by ignorance.

First prove to her that a shotgun or rifle cannot fire when it's really empty. Show her how to prove that it is empty. Then get her to hold it and see for herself that nothing traumatic takes place.

When she has enough confidence to hold an empty gun without fear, take her out to a shooting range for some practice. If possible, go to a gun club which you

DOES your bride object when you want to go off alone on vacation during hunting season? Does her attitude towards you approach the absolute zero of outer space when you return home with a venison roast, a few rabbits, or maybe a goose? And what about you? Are you weary of hearing old Joe tell the same stories . . . worn out because Jim's snoring kept you awake . . . disgusted because Jack insisted you'd missed that buck when you'd had an easy shot and tried to claim the antlers for himself?

There's an answer to all these varied problems. It's extremely simple. All you need do is make hunting a family sport and take your wife with you. The time you invest in selling her this idea will pay dividends. These dividends include better game cookery, less useless arguments over vacation time, and such positive extras as the fun of camping with someone who smells better than Al ever did and never keeps you up all night with poker and drinking.

How do you get your wife, or maybe she's your daughter or your girl friend, out hunting? There's no single answer. Maybe all you need do is point out that women have hunted since the dim beginnings of time, and Diana or Artemis, the patron goddess of the chase, was an excellent shot and wore very feminine clothes indeed, such as they were! At this point you bring out some mail order catalogs featuring attractive hunting clothes for women . . . and even jewelry with a game bird or animal motif.

After you've convinced her that a lady hunter can be feminine and attractive, the next step is to introduce her

Joan and her Brittany, Bobby.

Photos by F. N. Satterlee



know has women shooters. Seeing them bust clay birds and puncture targets is a big help.

Eventually, you'll want to buy your wife a shotgun or rifle. When you do, consider that the ordinary firearm is designed to fit the "average" man rather than a woman. You probably will want a gunsmith to adjust the stock to fit her. You'll also want to remember that a beginner can't take the recoil and noise you may take for granted. If you're a big game hunter and a rifle buff, start your wife with an ordinary .22 rifle such as the Winchester Model 69-A. This Junior Target Shooter's Special is relatively inexpensive and is ideal in size for most women. After she masters that is time enough to buy her ear protectors and let her shoot something with a lot more zip.

When you do buy her a hunting rifle, don't look for the lightest possible weight in a rebuilt 30-06 Springfield. She should shoot the same caliber as you. This eliminates mixups with cartridges. She needs a rifle that will fit her, and one that is not so light as to make recoil excessive. Lightweight, short-barreled rifles are easy to carry. They've turned many good-sized men into flinchers too.

As for a shotgun, my personal recommendation is a 20 gauge, bored improved cylinder. Even if most of your hunting will be for waterfowl, start your bride with a 20 gauge bored so she can hit a clay bird with reasonable ease. She'll have enough shot in her pattern to get results. Yet the 20 gauge offers much less noise and recoil than a 12 gauge gun. The stock should be shortened to fit her, and she should never practice shooting without ear plugs, or other ear protectors. You should wear them too. They make shooting more pleasant and help prevent deafness.

Wouldn't a .410 shotgun be best for a beginner? Maybe from the standpoint of noise and kick, but the .410 is truly a tool for an expert shot. Unless you're good, how can you score with it? Always remember that, regardless of the sport, it's important to keep a beginner from becoming discouraged. When you get down to it, the reason International Skeet isn't more popular here is that it is more difficult. The quicker any beginner can see results, the more enthused he or she is bound to become. This goes for any sport you can name.

Before letting your wife try skeet, take her out with a hand-trap and throw the easiest possible birds. A stationary trap, such as the Trius trap, is even better. You can adjust it to throw a bird high and straight. When she breaks these, try a few angles with her.

Skeet's been mentioned, what about trap shooting? Nothing wrong with it! When your wife is ready to tackle a 12 gauge gun, trap shooting is ideal for her. You can't shoot it with a 20 gauge open bore gun.

You can't become a good shot without practice. The more your bride can get out and bust clay pigeons, the more expert she's bound to become. You'll know when

she's ready to go hunting. It will be obvious.

Unless you expect to confine your hunting to waterfowl or big game, the way to start is with upland game birds and rabbits. It's common sense. Generally the scenery is pleasant, the weather comfortable, and there's enough walking to keep anyone warm. (Many women have poor circulation in their arms and legs and therefore feel cold before a man will.)

Also important, upland game generally provides action with such quarry as pheasant, quail, partridge, grouse, rabbit, and maybe squirrel in a broad spectrum of available species.

Additionally, the dog work is fascinating. Whether you hunt with a beagle, a spaniel, or any of the pointing breeds, your wife will be amazed at how it locates game with its nose. She may want to get involved in dog training too. Certainly she'll have more regard for your own dog.

Getting back to shotguns for a moment, many women prefer a side-by-side or over-and-under to an auto-loader or pump. There's no question but that a break-open gun is safer, easier to load, and often more pleasant to carry because of its balance. The Ithaca Model 200 in 20 gauge is almost ideal for the average woman.

If you don't own a dog, and maybe even if you do, you might want to take your wife out on a hunting preserve before regular hunting season opens. A good preserve offers fast-flying birds and makes well-trained dogs available. It isn't cheap, but what good things are these days?

One great advantage of a preserve is that you know you'll have some shooting. A beginner wants to see some game. An experienced hunter will take poor days in stride. A beginner has no past successes to relate to.

No matter where you hunt, or what you hunt, remember that a lady is probably squeamish about killing anything. When you hand her a rabbit or bird, make sure it is dead first. An injured bird fluttering in a game pocket is always unpleasant. Generally this is caused by reflex action, just as a chicken flops about after being beheaded. But it's unnecessary. Kill game quickly and cleanly is always the best motto.

On this topic, it might be mentioned that clean kills come from good shooting rather than magnum shells. Regulation trap or skeet loads, or their equivalent in reloads will serve as well as the magnums for everything except waterfowl and skittish pheasants. They'll cut recoil considerably too.

Once your wife overcomes her "I am a murderer" syndrome, you're in clover. From now on you'll have a real companion. You'll find your trips are more enjoyable. You don't have to hurry home because of wifely displeasure. You'll have congenial companionship and less cigar smoke and profanity. Maybe you'll miss Old Joe and Hank and their loud voices that frighten deer and quail and everything else. Probably you won't, ex-

(Continued on page 24)

but enough to add another interesting element to fishing. Many of our better trout streams also hold a few native brook trout, particularly in their headwaters.

The Bullpasture is dependable for winter fishing. The Jackson River is probably just as good and more popular among many anglers. Other good ones include Big Stony Creek, Tye River, Cedar Creek, Pound Creek, Smith River, Passage Creek, Piney River, Whitetop Laurel and the South Fork of the Holston River. But these are not all.

The major difference between winter fishing and opening day in April is the crowd. Anglers are noticeably absent in January. It is true, January is not the season for the dry fly angler—but neither is early April. Most of the tactics that take trout in April will also take them in December or January.

By mid-morning I had my limit—three rainbows, two brooks and a brown.

I had finally introduced myself to winter trout fishing and I was pleased with the results. And a cup of steaming coffee on Hanky Mountain never tasted better.

To Save the Osprey

(Continued from page 21)

stinctively lay another clutch," he observed.

"We have never seen a female reject a young," remarked Dr. Byrd. "We experimented with a nest that had no young by placing a young osprey in the nest. The female readily accepted the chick. Very few birds will allow such nest disturbance. Because of this behavior, clutch manipulation and transferral of young serve as viable techniques for increasing and sustaining osprey population," he stated. Dr. Byrd cited a recent experiment conducted with the American bald eagle, a species in greater danger of extinction than the osprey, and one highly sensitive to nest interference. Egg manipulation was attempted with a clutch taken from an eagle's nest in Minnesota and transferred to one in Maine. The experiment proved a success and is considered a triumph in American bald eagle population research.

Why be concerned with saving the osprey populations in the first place? "They have 60 million years of priority over human beings, who have only been around one million," says Dr. Byrd. His tone becomes more serious, however, as he adds, "When a species is lost, it's irretrievable. Each species has an importance in the environment."

"No species, however, has ever been victorious in competition with man," he maintains. "If osprey populations were becoming extinct due to the absence of fish to sustain them, then the fact that the species was dying out would be considered a natural phenomenon. But, in this case, where the ability of the female osprey to produce viable young is a problem of contaminants in the water, then it is man's concern and it is his duty to try to rectify it."

WINTER GREENERY

By JUDY PRICE

Deerfield

WHEN the asters have dropped their violet rays and the goldenrod flower clusters have given way to the winds, the winter's greens remain. Scattered among the fallen pine cones lay the solitary pipsissewa, the gatherings of spotted wintergreen, and the forests of ground pine. The evergreen plants are not restricted to one family or common characteristics, save the one of holding their green throughout the year. They range from the shrubby mountain laurel and the sturdy Christmas fern to the camouflaged rattlesnake plantain of the orchid family.

There is a wintergreen family that consists mainly of evergreen plants and several of its members bear the family name. The spotted wintergreen, *Chimaphila maculata*, is one of these. Radiating from a reddish stem, its tapering leaves have a pale green midriff, so they appear striped rather than spotted, as the name implies. Seen peering above a light crisp snow, this wintergreen adds a special touch to the beauty of winter.

Probably the plant most widely known as wintergreen is *Gaultheria procumbens*, also called teaberry and checkerberry. It is not a member of the wintergreen family, but one of the heaths. A small creeping woodland plant with glossy egg-shaped leaves, it survives in thick pine forests and flourishes in sun-touched clearings to carpet the ground with bright green and red. Identification is always certain because of the familiar aroma that is given off from the crushed leaves and berries. Though not obtained from the plant, the distinctive flavor of wintergreen is found in many candies, toothpastes and chewing gums. The freshly picked leaves may be used in making a mellow and pleasant-tasting tea. The red berries that cling to the plant the entire year may be eaten but serve as an occasional taste treat rather than providing a meal.

Another trailing evergreen with red edible berries is the partridgeberry, *Mitchella repens*, of the bedstraw family. The leaves are small, rounded, and paired along a stem that travels gracefully through shaded woods. The fruit has not the taste appeal of the wintergreen but is recommended as a survival food. It offers an instant of sweetness which is all too soon replaced by a bland seedy flavor. Adding a touch of color and a bit



Rattlesnake plantain

of the rambler's charm, the partridgeberry remains loyal through the flowerless winter months.

In mid-summer, the rattlesnake plantain, *Goodyera pubescens*, quietly reveals its small white blossoms, often to be passed by for the showier varieties. But in mid-winter, when all is to be appreciated, it may capture the praise of the beholder more than any other evergreen. Small and often hidden beneath fallen pine needles, this orchid displays delicately patterned leaves in a basal rosette. A profusion of pale veins crisscrossing on a dark green background creates a mottled and somewhat checkered effect. This evergreen beauty makes proud both its family and winter companions.

Christmas is the festive highlight of the winter season, and all evergreens are subjects of adornment for the home. But for a mood of peace and tranquility, the Christmas fern, *Polystichum acrostichoides*, remains the favorite of tradition. The early New England settlers first used it for Christmas decoration and so it received its colloquial name. It thrives on barren slopes, delaying erosion and aiding in the rebuilding of soil. In this habitat it flaunts firm-textured fronds. As winter grows strong, the stem of the Christmas fern weakens until its glossy color lies close to the ground seeking protection from the season's stress. Because it is a spore-producing plant, it does not don colorful blossoms in the flowering seasons but its dark, graceful fronds provide it with an appeal that is lasting year-round.

Like the Christmas fern, the crowfoot clubmoss, *Sycopodium flabelliforme*, is a non-flowering evergreen used for Christmas ornamentation. Unfortunately, it has been pulled up indiscriminately for the manufacture of holiday wreaths and is now becoming scarce where once its growth was rampant. It wanders through open woods and across grassy hillsides, and its upright stems

branch out in a fan-shaped pattern. The rootstock of this clubmoss is close to the soil surface, usually buried under only an autumn's fall of pine needles. For those who find it irresistible, a few small sections of the trailing stem may be cut and placed in a mixture of moist leaf mold and peat moss until new roots have grown. If the transplanting is successful, the reward will be a delicate and unusual house plant or a ground cover resembling a hardy stand of miniature evergreen trees.

Winter is the season of tranquility and strength—time for leisurely walks through wooded valleys and across aged mountains. It offers a time to become familiar with the rich hues and textures of leaves. This is the season to take notice of ferns elegant and constant enough to be used as adornment for the most celebrated and revered holiday of the year.



Crowfoot clubmoss

Partridgeberry





TO SAVE THE OSPREY

By SHARON KURTZ

News office, College of William and Mary

THE osprey, one of the country's disappearing wild-life species, may well have been given a new lease on life in Virginia because of the efforts of Dr. Mitchell A. Byrd, a biologist at the College of William and Mary.

Over the past five years, he has directed population studies and introduced new techniques to bolster the declining population of the large fish-hawk.

Dr. Byrd, who is chairman of the department of biology at William and Mary, began his study of osprey population patterns in the Chesapeake Bay region in 1970. The species was then diminishing at a great rate. Osprey in the New England area were already virtually extinct. His concern was to insure that the same phenomenon did not occur along the Chesapeake Bay.

Dr. Byrd is now hopeful about the survival of the fish-hawk. "1974 has been the best year so far," he said. "The osprey population in the Chesapeake Bay region appears to be stabilized at this point. If it continues reproducing at its present rate, it should be sufficient to sustain itself."

In order to conduct the studies, Dr. Byrd and his graduate assistants, Jerry Via of Roanoke, Gary Seek of Williamsburg, and Chris Stinson of Warrenton, have been visiting the 500 osprey nests in an area covering about 1,500-2,000 square miles. The region includes the Chesapeake and its tributaries, the James and York Rivers and the Eastern Shore peninsula.

Each spring, they visit the nests during osprey breeding season, beginning in mid-March through mid-July, often traveling 70 miles of river a day. Some nests they are able to visit eight to ten times a year—others, only once or twice. They keep tabs on the number of eggs each pair is producing and the number of fledglings that leave the nest annually.

"There has been a pattern of improvement now for the last couple of years," observed Dr. Byrd. More eggs are being hatched, and more young are surviving. "The situation is not now as critical as when we first began our studies and we are generally optimistic about the ability of the bird to survive in the area."



A family of five-day-old ospreys in a natural nest.

Six-day-old ospreys being artificially fed.

Photos courtesy Dr. Mitchell Byrd



Youth is a very precarious time for the bird. "Mortality rate for ospreys during their first year runs as high as 60%," he said. "In order to maintain a stable osprey population, each nest must produce 1.2 young each year." Studies done by Dr. Byrd and his assistants demonstrate the pattern of improvement: in 1972, the biologists surveyed 344 nests along the bay and the barrier islands, and found only .75 fledglings per nest. In 1973, a survey of 445 nests revealed an increase to .98 fledglings per nest.

"Although the figures for this year have not been fully tabulated, I suspect the number to be above one percent—the best yet," said Dr. Byrd. "It's still too early to tell, however, whether these figures represent an annual fluctuation, or are due to a decline in contaminants and pollutants in the waters," he added.

Dr. Byrd is not certain why fewer fledglings survived in the earlier years of his research than in more recent ones.

"One explanation for the low rate of survival in 1972," he said, "may have been Hurricane Agnes. That storm killed many fish in area waters and a number of ospreys were found dead in their nests. This year has been one of the best for sport fishing—there are lots of fish in the waters—one reason, perhaps, for the increase in fledgling survival."

When Dr. Byrd and his assistants find a fledgling they color band it so they can distinguish the nest and area from which the bird came. This year, they banded 425 fledglings.

"Fledglings fly to wintering grounds in the West Indies or South and Central America when they leave their nests, and they will usually return during their third year, provided they live that long," said Dr. Byrd. Recoveries of color-banded ospreys are most often made on the birds' wintering grounds or in the immediate area of the original nest. Often persons who spot the banded ospreys send reports in to the Fish and Wildlife Service, which notifies Dr. Byrd that one of his birds has been sighted. Reports of banded ospreys have come to him from Brazil, Columbia, and Trinidad.

"This year, for the first time, we noted three color-banded ospreys which had returned as breeders," said Dr. Byrd. "They were all found along the Rappahannock River where they had originally hatched. It's a very remarkable thing when a bird comes back to its site after three years and terribly exciting for us."

Studies of osprey population pattern have determined that pesticides and contaminants in the waters directly affect population growth. "The phenomenon of the relation between pollutants in the water, to reproductive failure in birds has been studied since the 1950's," said Dr. Byrd.

Osprey digesting fish containing high amounts of DDT and other contaminants produce eggs with shells so thin that they can be easily crushed in the nest, or never hatched at all.

JANUARY, 1975

There has been a pattern of improvement in most areas along the Chesapeake for the past three years, he reports. The Potomac River and its tributaries, which have long been considered some of the most polluted areas in the region, were only producing .5 young per active nest in past years; this year osprey nests produce 1.4 young per active nest.

"A normal osprey clutch is 2.8. A nest rarely produces four young in one clutch," he noted. During the first four years of study, Dr. Byrd found only two nests with four fledglings. This year, however, he found eight nests with four young.

"We were among the first to use the management technique of egg clutch manipulation," reported Dr. Byrd, "and we were the first to use the technique of double clutching in osprey population studies." Double clutching involves inducing osprey females to produce twice as many eggs by taking the original clutch from

A young osprey receives an aluminum leg band which will identify it for life. Knowledge of movements is important in assessing environmental effects on the population.



a nest and placing it in a nest where the bird has not been able to produce eggs.

Using the clutch manipulation system, Dr. Byrd transfers the eggs he has taken from a nest to a sophisticated incubator and hatcher in the biology lab at William and Mary. When the eggs are hatched, they are placed in nests where young are needed, thus maintaining and increasing the population. "Female ospreys accept new eggs and young immediately," said Dr. Byrd.

An example of the success of the clutch manipulation technique was recently demonstrated in a nest near Cheatham Annex, where the female had never produced an egg. Dr. Byrd collected two eggs from a very successful nest and placed them in the barren nest. One of the eggs hatched.

"Osprey behavior is very stereotyped," explained Dr. Byrd. "Osprey are much more tolerant of human behavior than most birds. They have innate behavior patterns and their habits are sequential. When a clutch is taken from a female osprey and another put in its place, she readily accepts the substitution. When a clutch is taken from a nest and not replaced, the osprey will in-

(Turn back to page 18)

BIG GAME TROPHIES

By BILL WEEKES
Spartanburg, South Carolina

SOME of the most successful big game hunters of the nation congregated amid the skyscrapers of Atlanta, Georgia, last March, and nearly 100 of their trophies went on display in a downtown motel.

The event was the Boone & Crockett Club's 15th annual big game trophy exhibition, an enterprise jointly sponsored by the National Rifle Association of America, which was simultaneously holding its annual convention at the time.

The Boone & Crockett Club, formed in 1887 by Teddy Roosevelt, has long established the criteria by which big game trophies are judged—which includes the mathematical statistics of skull, antlers or horns, as well as the individual hunter's persistence, effort and shooting accuracy during a fair chase. The measurements of horn and antler are rather complex schemes encompassing the taping of circumference and length, spread and number of tines.

Silent, as if stilled from time, the trophies stood anchored to large boards erected for their display.

Perhaps representing man's effort to conquer unconquerable nature—man's endeavor for a slight slice of immortality through a momentary conquest of the wild—the trophies gave viewers a close view of big game's shape, shade and size, a verisimilitude of their live brothers existing thousands of miles away.

One new world's record emerged from the big game harvested during 1971-73 qualifying period. Doug Burris, Jr., of San Antonio, Texas, entered a typical mule deer, which compiled 226 points for an all-time high scoring for this species. He killed the muley in Colorado's San Juan National Forest.

The white-tailed deer mount entered by Larry Gibson was only 1-3/8 points shy of tying the world record score of 206-5/8 points.

In addition to the mule deer's bigger ears, there is one apparent difference between the heads of these two species of deer. The whitetail's antlers have one main beam off of which three or more dorsally-directed spikes or points arise. While the whitetail's antlers are monotomous (single beam), the muley's are dichotomous (or double bifurcate). Each mule deer antler is divided into two forks.

Antlers of either species may become deformed or atypical. This may come about through genetics, injury,



An atypical mule deer killed by Harold Ray Laird which scored 319-4/8 points with 27 tines on right antler and 23 tines on the left. World record score is 355-2/8 points.

disease or dietary fluctuation. The world record score for an atypical mule deer is 355-2/8 points. One muley mount entered this year by Harold Ray Laird scored 319-4/8 points and had 27 tines on the right antler and 23 tines on the left.

Among other species mounted at the exhibition were the "grand slam" of sheep—the bighorn, desert, stone and dall—moose, pronghorn, Rocky Mountain goat, caribou, bison and the skulls of the Alaskan kodiak and grizzly bears.

The pronghorn (*Antilocapra americana*) is one of the few big game species native to North America. Both sexes have horns, but those of the bucks, animals which average 140-150 pounds, extend above the pointed ears. Possessing large eyes, this species enjoys excellent distant vision. The buck wears a black patch over its face, extending up to the horn and a black patch on the side of the neck.

The horns, which average 15 inches long, are erect and curve back. The creature, not a true antelope, gets its name from the short forward-pointing branch which is actually part of a sheath that arise on the upper part of the horn. The sheath is comprised of fused hairs and covers a laterally flattened bony core. Like a deer's antlers, these horns are shed after each breeding season, which begins in late summer.

The pronghorn is the fastest creature in the New World, cruising at 30 m.p.h., but capable of a sustained speed of 50 m.p.h. for three-quarters of a mile. It lives in the rolling desert and grassland sections of western Canada and the U.S. About 400,000 of these animals exist today.

One of the most "exotic" or impressive looking trophies is that of the caribou (*Rangifer tarandus*). This odd-looking deer ranges from Alaska across Canada to Newfoundland. Through conservation measures it has increased in number by 100,000 since 1955 to about 375,000 today.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE

There is really no such thing as a typical and natural-looking caribou antler head—variability is natural. The antlers consist of palmated brow tines which jut out in front of the face. The “bez” is the formation that curves forward above the brow, or shovel, and which sweeps up in back. The top portion of the bez is also palmated. A nicely developed bez and a wide shovel (usually there is one brow and an accompanying spike, but two brows are so much the better) are considerations when judging a trophy. The brow varies in width from 3-24 inches, while the combined length of both bezes was 74½ inches on the world record head.

It was once thought caribou used the brows to dig up snow over closely cropped vegetation so that it could get at its food. The suggestion is now that the brows are an adaptation which protects the caribou's eyes when it is thrashing the stiff stems of bushes with its head—a practice of the male during the rut.

In mid-winter, after the September-October breeding season, caribou antlers are shed. One source states that the strongest males drop their antlers first, followed with shedding by weaker, younger males and females. This sequence allows the more disadvantaged of the species to be on an even par in food gathering at a time when food is most inaccessible. Antlered females may often chase off “dehorned” males after they have uncovered lichen, moss or other vegetation. After the antlers drop off, the caribou will chew on them, gaining the calcium salts necessary for regrowth of the antlers.

Typical whitetail taken by Larry Gibson scored 205-2/8, just 1-3/8 points short of the world record.



Eskimos and Indians use these antlers for pegs, chair parts and may invert them for sledge brakes.

The moose is the caribou's country cousin. Both are in the deer (*Cervidae*) family. The big difference between their antlers is, of course, their shape. Moose antlers are wide, flat and palmated. They have been known to spread as wide as six feet. The world's record is 78 inches wide with 34 points and weighing 85 pounds.

The moose is the world's largest deer, the largest bulls stretching 9½ feet long and weighing as much as 1800 pounds. The caribou's maximum weight is 700 pounds and it stands four to five feet at the shoulder. The moose may stand 7¾ feet at the shoulder. Where the caribou exerts two pounds per square-inch pressure on the ground, the moose exerts eight pounds per square inch. A moose loves to eat succulent water plants and has been timed with its head under water for as long as two minutes.

Both bighorn sheep and Rocky Mountain goats live above the timberline—the only hoofed animals that do in North America. The bighorn (*Ovis canadensis*) lives in the Rockies of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan. The mountain goat dwells in Alaska, Oregon, Idaho and Washington state as well.

The mountain goat's horns are straight, six to eight inches, and sharp, while the bighorn's horns curl—the adults with curls greater than three-quarters of a turn. In both species the horns are permanent features and may be used to determine age. The horns are alternated with smooth areas of rapid growth and ridges, or checks, representing slower growth periods. These periods roughly coincide with respective spring-summer and winter periods. Count the ridges and you count the animal's number of winters.

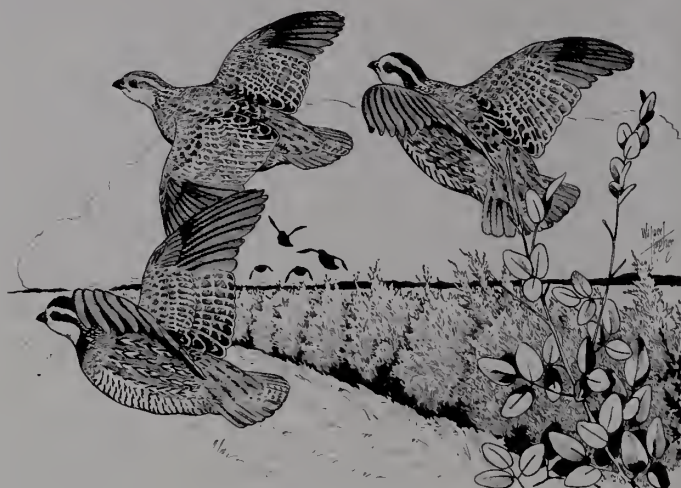
There is some difficulty in counting the ridges of bighorns eight to ten years old and older. Horn growth begins to decline after five years and subsequent annual horn increments may be so slight as to be indiscernible. Horn tips of older rams are often worn and splintered.

There are also facial differences between wild sheep and goats. Sheep have narrow noses and concave foreheads; goats, convex foreheads and wider muzzles.

Authorities say ram bighorns do not use their appendages for purposes of battle. The horns sweep back from the forehead, making it more difficult for a ram to use them in head-to-head confrontations (during the mating season). Bones in the forehead are specially designed to absorb the shock of these concussions. Such contact on the horns would snap them off.

Rather, the horns are a badge of rank. When two rams with unequal sized horns meet, the younger or less endowed ram will back off after the other ram has tilted its head to offer its opponent a better view of its horns. Animals with equal-sized horns are more apt to form butting acquaintanceships. Thus, displaying of horns is another of nature's ways of saving animals from unnecessary fighting and expenditure of energy.

A PERFECT TWENTY MINUTES OF QUAIL HUNTING



By HOMER LEE KROUT
Arlington

THREE birds walked across the road about 25 yards in front of our car. We coasted to a stop just beyond the crossing point.

Jim and I looked at each other and grinned. "No use getting the dogs out of the trunk," he said; I saw exactly where they went."

A few minutes ago we had stopped at the barn to check in with the farmer. The road we were driving was a tractor route on his land. It was one of those cool, crisp days early in the hunting season in Loudoun County, Virginia.

The birds went in a clump of ivy and brush by a utility pole. Jim walked in on one side; I took the other.

We took no more than two steps apiece off the road when the birds went up. Each of us got one on the first shot. I had a clear view of the long curving flight of the third quail, but I did not lead it enough with either of my two shots.

"I got one, how about you?" Jim asked from the other side of the brush clump. "So far I'm running one every three shots," I replied with a grin.

We gave a quick look for the dead birds, but they were lost in the feather brown weeds. We decided to get a dog or two from the car trunk.

Wrestling back two pointers, we let out Sandy, a Brittany spaniel, Jim's best retriever, and Toby, my English setter, still a pup in hunting at the age of two.

Sandy, of course, had Jim's dead bird in his mouth in seconds. I was pleased when Jim held Sandy so Toby could have some practice on my bird. He found the quail and, as he does sometimes when there is no com-

petition from other dogs, he walked a few steps toward me then dropped the bird and lay down beside it. He never will find and deliver like Sandy, I thought as I walked to him, but as long as the bird goes in my bag I can't complain. Toby won a friendly pat as I picked up the quail.

We took the time to find our empty hulls. Jim and I both use for quail hunting the same re-loads we use for skeet shooting. We don't like to waste the hulls nor leave them to clutter the farmer's crop fields.

"Let's check out the other side of the road where these came from," said Jim.

We whistled up the dogs and sent them ahead of us.

Toby hit first. He must have caught a whiff as his front legs lifted in the air to cross the roadside ditch. He lit stiff, nose stretched out, up the slope of ivy. His back legs were still on the road and his tail flagged out behind. He looked twelve feet long.

When we walked in, there were two birds in front of Toby's nose. They burst out between us knee high, back across the road, gaining height as they went. We both turned, sighted and fired. Jim's bird dropped about ten feet past the road, mine about twenty.

It was a good test of speed in shouldering and sighting 1100 Remington's. The additional ten feet my bird flew illustrated the extra fraction of a second it took me as compared to Jim.

Sandy and Toby each retrieved a bird. Sandy, as always, gave fast, convenient delivery service. Toby did better with this one; he brought it within five feet before he dropped it and lay down beside it.

We found one more bird in our continuing search of the area. Jim walked it up and it flew over my head. Jim could not take the risk of shooting close to me so I had the bird all to myself. I had to turn and fire upward across the curving flight. The bird was not hit hard, but it came down and Sandy handed it to me.

In twenty minutes at the beginning of the day, we had the fun of three flushes. Jim had two birds and I had three. As we drove farther down into the farm, we knew it would be a perfect hunt.

Turn Your Wife Into Your Hunting Buddy (from p. 17)
cept in the sense that comes with feeling relief.

There's another bonus too. Your wife will probably take a much increased interest in game cookery. Instead of turning quail into stone, she'll transform them into gastronomic delights.

Maybe she'll even work with your dog while you're out making a living. That wouldn't be too bad either.

The truth is that a wife who hunts with you will make your life more pleasant. The investment—in proper clothing, boots that fit her, a gun adjusted to her measurements—will be more than compensated for whenever you go afield. You'll have another area of understanding, more common interests, more enjoyment in doing things together.

Since this story was written, Toby has earned first and fourth place awards in field trials.



Green-winged Teal

Wayman Callahan, Artist



Cardinal

By WALTER W. FLOYD

Richmond

MR. Callahan is a native Virginian from the coal fields of Wise County. A house painter by trade, an artist by hobby, Mr. Callahan turned his self-taught skills from painting landscapes and still life to capturing the splendor and beauty of the wildlife of Virginia.

Wayman was totally blinded in early childhood by a blasting cap accident, but recovered sight in the left eye at the age of three years.

In his mature years he has spent a great deal of time in the woods and fields of his native Southwest Virginia studying the flowers, birds, and animals native to the area, drinking in visually the beauties that were almost denied him, and grateful to God for the privilege.

Wayman's paintings can be seen at art shows throughout Southwest Virginia or by contacting him at Box 103, Big Stone Gap, Virginia 23219, or by telephone (703/523-0545).



Screech
Owls



Whitetail
Deer

Wood Duck



EDDIE EDGAR

Commissioner, Second Congressional District

Text and Photos By
F. N. SATTERLEE
Information Officer

EDWARD Emerson Edgar comes by his deep love of salt water naturally. Soft spoken, with a lovely lingering hint of his New England origin garnishing his accent, Eddie tells of his New Bedford, Massachusetts, upbringing and of his whaler grandfather who was lost at sea near Hudson's Bay. He tells also of early boyhood fishing experiences at such reknown locations as Buzzards Bay and Martha's Vineyard and that New Bedford was, from 1812 to 1860, the leading U.S. whaling port.

Following graduation from high school he became engaged in another of his interests, journalism, when he was hired by the New Bedford *Standard Mercury* as an office boy and later as a member of the advertising department. That was followed by a stint with the New Haven *Times* and then back to New Bedford with Radio Station WNBH, where he was instrumental in developing advertising ideas for that station and others. His success in this endeavor resulted in an offer from station WGH in Norfolk, Virginia. He accepted, and in 1934 moved to Norfolk to become business manager of that organization.

Eddie instituted one of the first radio Newscasts ever to be aired as such. Some of the news was gathered through the use of wireless, a technique unheard of at



Edward Emerson Edgar

that time. He attended the Norfolk Division of the College of William and Mary (now Old Dominion University) and the American Savings and Loan Institute. In 1946 he began writing an outdoor column entitled "Fins, Furs and Feathers" as an avocation. With possibly the longest tenure of any outdoor column in the Commonwealth of Virginia, the column currently appears twice a week in the Norfolk *Ledger-Star*, and once a week in the Newport News *Times Herald*. Additionally, "Fins, Furs and Feathers" was aired as a radio show for about 15 years after Eddie originated the column. In 1957 the Outdoor Writers of America chose the column and its author as first-place winner in their annual contest. Along with the honor went a \$1000.00 award.

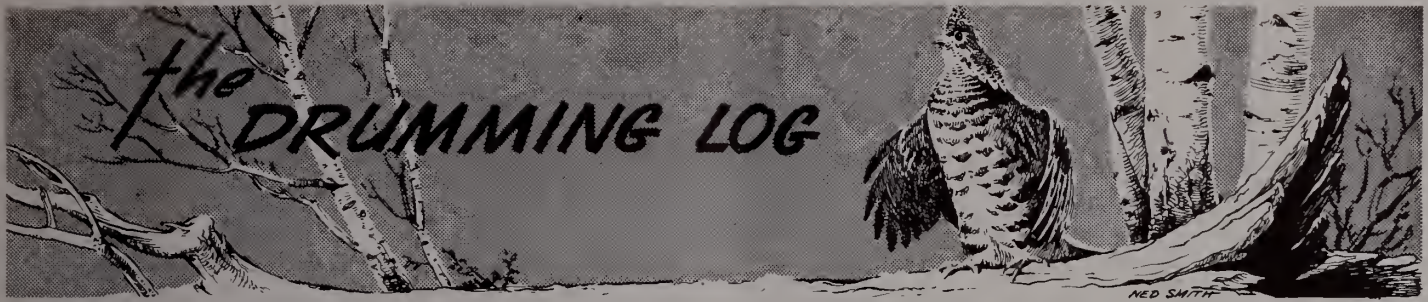
Eddie Edgar has, since 1953, been with Home Federal Savings and Loan Association, where he is vice president and treasurer. He was appointed to the Game Commission as Commissioner for the Second Congressional District in 1966 and was chairman of that body from 1972-73. He is former Governor of the Virginia Society of Mayflower Descendants and is a direct descendant of Dr. Samuel Fuller, who was the physician on the Mayflower.

An avid fisherman, Eddie has helped organize innumerable sportsmen's clubs in the Tidewater area, and he and his wife, Mary Lou, make their home in Norfolk. Out behind that house at his own pier on the Lafayette River is moored his pride and joy. It is the 20-foot Wellcraft outboard equipped with a Cuddy Cabin on which he spends what free time he can muster doing what he loves—fishing and continuing his love affair with the salt water of his beloved Chesapeake Bay aboard, appropriately enough, the FINS-FURS.

VIRGINIA WILDLIFE



Eddie Edgar in his favorite place: Chesapeake Bay.



Edited by MEL WHITE



The conservation-minded Hawfield Garden Club's exhibit at the recent Orange County Fair. Left to right are Mrs. Bernice Preddy, Mrs. Horace Bartley, and Mrs. Jean Barnes.

Fish Will Eat Anything

Fish will eat almost anything that finds its way into their habitat. This includes animals, insects, some plants, other fish—and many man-made concoctions that bear little resemblance to anything they've ever seen before. The range of baits that will catch fish is limited only by man's imagination. If a bait has an odor, whether pleasant or unpleasant, and can be placed upon a hook, it will probably appeal to some kind of fish. Such bait is the "bloodsicle."

Bloodsicles rely upon a fish's sense of smell to work. To make the bait, select several plugs, spinners or spoons the day before going fishing; wrap cotton around the hooks and soak in beef, chicken or pork blood. The lure is placed in the freezer overnight. Since the bloodsicle is frozen, it thaws slowly in water and releases its scent over a period of time. This a particularly good bait for northern pike, muskie and walleye.

Another different bait, the honeyball, appeals to a fish's sweet tooth. To make them, slowly cook a teaspoonful of anise seed in a half-cup of hot water for three to four minutes. Add five tablespoons of honey and continue simmering the mixture until a thin syrup is formed. Next add a half-cup of whole wheat flour and remove the pot from the flame. Stir in a cup of cornmeal and then knead it with a fork. When this has cooled, pour it onto waxed paper and shape it into a flat, thin cake. You should have a tough dough that, when rolled into balls, will stay on the hook for a long time. Honeyballs are good bait for carp, catfish and drum.

Books in Review

THE EDUCATION OF A TURKEY HUNTER, by William Frank Hanenkrat; edited and with an introduction by Frank T. Hanenkrat (Winchester Press, 460 Park Avenue, New York 10022; \$8.95).

The wild turkey gobbler is staging a comeback that is a bright spot in the national management picture. Hunter interest in this shrewd, majestic bird is at an all-time high. Yet there is still a lack of solid turkey-hunting lore and information. Why? Because most turkey-hunting know-how is passed along from father to son, or by word of mouth among friends, if at all; it's simply too precious to waste.

William Frank Hanenkrat is a turkey hunter with more than a half-century of experience in studying and hunting this wildest of upland game birds—experience he has passed on to his son, Frank, and now to hunters everywhere. Hanenkrat learned his turkey lore from game management scientists, from old-timers and from hundreds of hours in the field. In this remarkable book he reveals what he learned and how he learned it in a narrative so filled with surprise, suspense, humor and at times touching sentiment that it stands as a worthwhile piece of literature in its own right. As a bonus it provides what amounts to a complete course in how to hunt turkeys.

Whether read for pleasure or for practical "how to" information, **THE EDUCATION OF A TURKEY HUNTER** is the book for anyone who has had a glimpse or a taste of America's largest, possibly finest game bird.



SOON TO BE IN SEASON AGAIN . . . This 19-pound spring gobbler was taken last year in Richmond County by Larry Bridgman and Darell Woolard.

WINTER ADAPTATION



Hibernators like the groundhog spend winters sleeping in cozy chambers underground.



Hardy chickadees hunt seeds and insects all winter.



Grouse plunge into snowdrifts to sleep in insulated snugness.



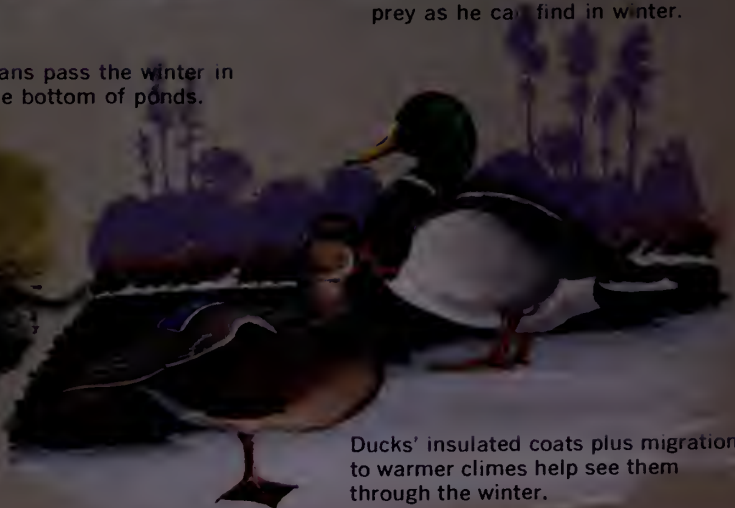
Squirrels rely on snug homes and caches of food to beat winter's icy threat.



The fox continues to hunt such prey as he can find in winter.



Most amphibians pass the winter in the mud at the bottom of ponds.



Ducks' insulated coats plus migration to warmer climes help see them through the winter.

K. M. P.